

To P. S. W. Gibbons, Esq.

Candide or Emoide

AS SUNG BY JOHN FARRENBURG.

WRITTEN BY

CAPT. C. W. CUTTER

Music By

S. NOURSE.

PIANO.



GUITAR.

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ANNE GEORGE

FANNIE LEMOINE.

Words by G.W.Cutter.

Music by Solon Nourse.

ANDANTE MODERATO.

dolce.

2^d V^{se}. More love- ly than hy - a - cinths, clusters thy hair, o'er a

Oh! Fan-nie Lemoine, tho' the struggle is o'er, That I

brow like mag-no - lia buds, sun-ny and fair; Thy hand is a moon - beam I

felt when I knew I should see thee no more; Yet thine image hath made in my

cannot con-trol, The ar - rows of love it has ad lib: shot thro' my soul. Like the a tempo

bosom a shrine, Where thou dwellest for - ever, dear Fannie Lemoine. Thy

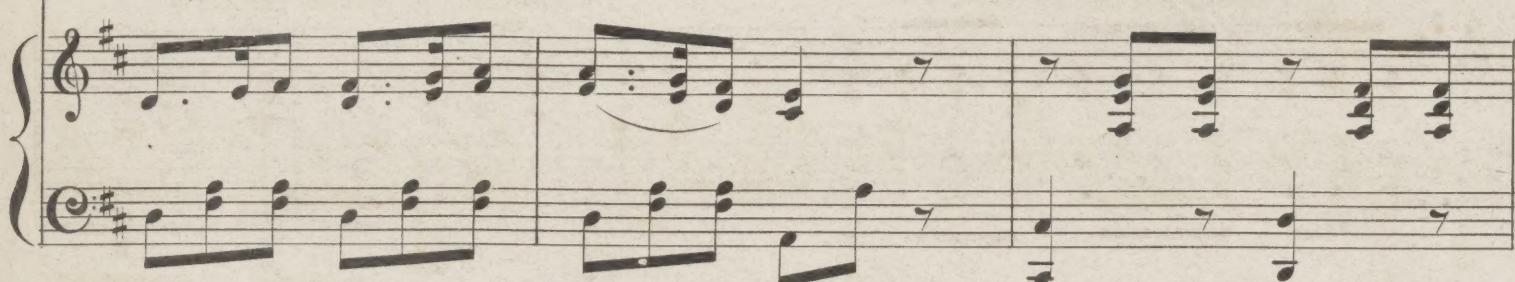
ad lib: a tempo

2622—4.

spell of the sum - mer-bow, af - ter the storm, Is the charm of thy mind,— is the



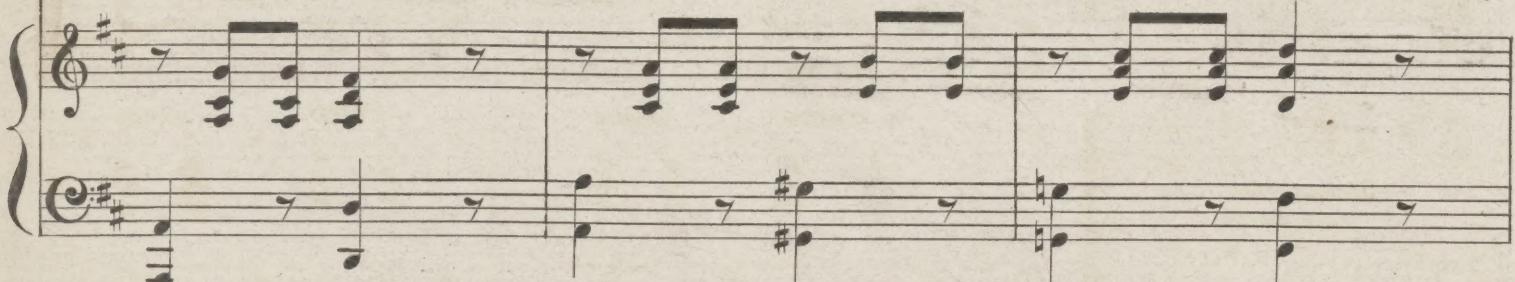
cheek is as fair as the hue of the rose, Or the last cloud that pillows the



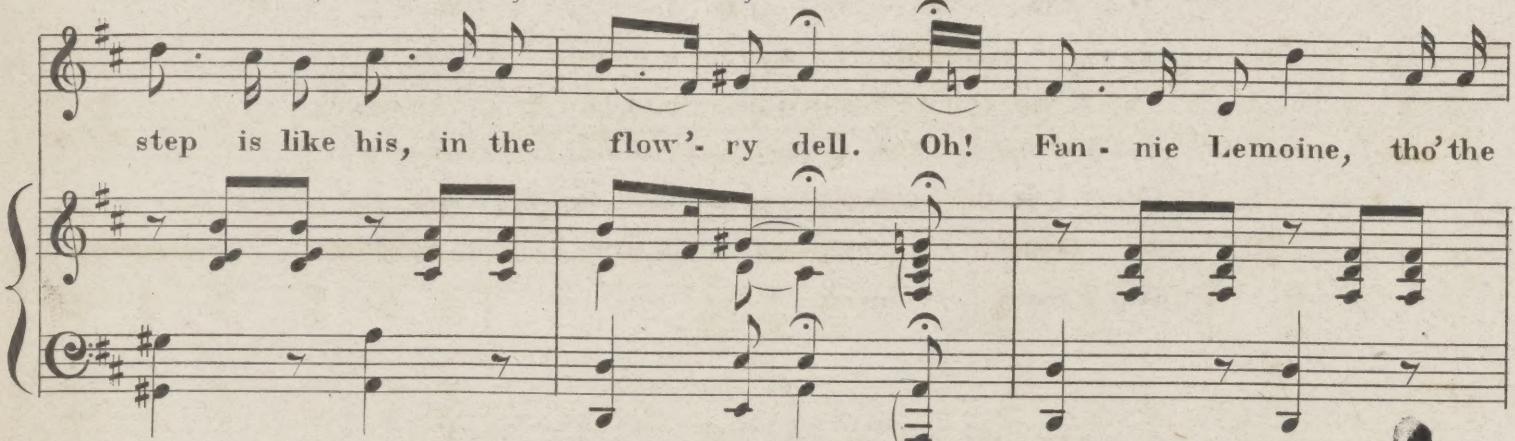
grace of thy form; Like notes of soft mu - sic where wave - lets are clear, Are the



ev'nings re - pose; Thine eye is like that of the ai - ry ga - zelle And thy



rav - ish-ing tones of thy voice to my ear. Oh! Fan - nie &c.



step is like his, in the flow'- ry dell. Oh! Fan - nie Lemoine, tho' the



struggle is o'er, That I felt when I knew I should see thee no more; Yet thine

3

Like a mine of rich pearls is thy delicate mouth,
 And thy breath as the spice-laden gales of the south;
 At thy presence my bosom has trembled with fears—
 Has been rapt into joy has been melted to tears.
 Tho' I knew and dispair'd that thou couldst not be mine,
 Yet I worshiped thine image as something divine;
 For I felt thy endearing perfections were given,
 As a type and a pledge of the beauty in heaven.
 Oh! Fannie Lemoine &c.

4

Give the poet his wreath, give the lawyer his fee—
 Give the sailor his ship on the dark rolling sea—
 Give the sage all the planets that glitter on high,
 But give me to dream of my love till I die.
 Give the warrior his steed, give the monarch his throne,
 With a scepter acknowledged in every zone;
 Give the statesman his glory, the miser his coin,
 But leave me the memory of Fannie Lemoine.
 Oh! Fannie Lemoine &c.

